

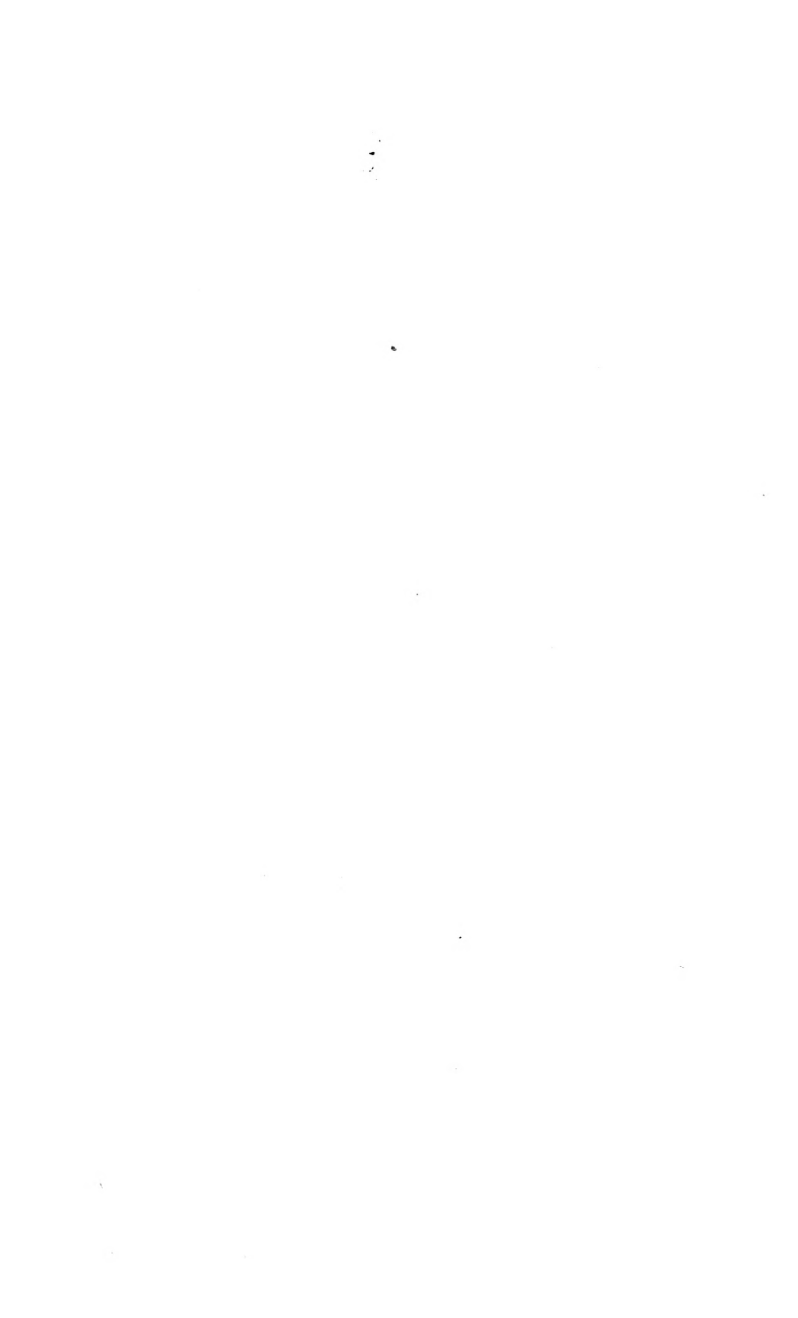
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1739
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf 17

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





HOME SCENES.


DIVINE SONGS,

AND OTHER

POEMS

BY THE

REV. C. E. FURMAN, A. M.

ROCHESTER: 
ERASTUS DARROW, PUBLISHER,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.
1874.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year of our Lord, MDCCCLXXIII,
BY CHAS. E. FURMAN,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C

— — — — —
ROCHESTER, N. Y.:

UNION AND ADVERTISER COMPANY'S BOOK AND JOB PRINT.

1873.
— — — — —

PREFACE.

THIS volume is dedicated to my ever-kind-and-affectionate children, on whose account and by whose desire mainly, it is published.

The solicitations of many other friends, especially those of my own profession; the favorable reception of such poems as I have read in public assemblies, and which, by my permission, have been published; and, more than all, the hope of furnishing a word of comfort, encouragement, edification, or aid to those who need it, thus doing some service for our Lord and Master, have had their influence upon my decision.

THE AUTHOR.

MEMORIAL OF MRS. H. E. F.

Full many years have passed away,
Since raven locks have turned to gray,
When step was buoyant, quick and strong,
And fleeting years seemed then so long,
The days of youth I can't forget,
They live in vernal freshness yet.

I do not sigh that years are few,
For love and hope are ever new,
And cheerful songs the memory sings
(Borne back on her elastic wings)
Of olden times and friends of old,
Now gathered in the sleepers' fold,
Or ling'ring round the entrance gate,
Appointed times in patience wait,
When loosed will be the silver cord,
And they be present with their Lord.

She who in early life I chose
The partner of my joys and woes
Sleeps underneath the flowers that bloom,
Or snows, alternate on her tomb.

And now the lonely vale I tread,
While years are gath'ring o'er my head;
Life's autumn leaves and falling sleet
Are pavement for my weary feet;
With pleasure now I sometimes tell
How well she lived, she died how well;
How oft she prayed, how much she gave
The poor from suffering to save.

Blest were the years together spent,
On wings of love they came—they went,
Though every cup had some alloy,
Less was the sorrow than the joy.
How many since her grave was made,
With trembling lips and tears have said,
They wished no more till time should end,
To love so well another friend,

For harder 'tis for friends to part,
The closer heart is joined to heart.

From all around both far and near,
Friends on her grave have shed the tear,
Yet none so well could know her worth,
As those around the sacred hearth,
For *there* her virtues brightest shone,
There was her life-work mostly done.
Not rich, but still no want of bread;
Not poor, a frugal board was spread,
Repairing she so well would do,
Old garments looked as well as new,
So want was driven from the door,
As nought was wasted of her store.

Of care in speech there was no lack,
She spoke no words she need take back :
Her morning work began with prayer,
For sleep did thanks to God prepare ;
Her children with her daily read
The Book by which the soul is fed,
And all must be to Jesus led.

The Sabbath was a day of rest,
The day to her which God had blest,
No hurried steps within her door
Revealed neglect the day before ;
When o'er the plains and hills around
The Sabbath bell sent forth its sound,
When friends of God from far and near
Gathered to pray—His truth to hear,
She had the sacred threshold passed,
Before the bell had pealed its last.

She loved the word of God to hear,
His precepts kept with rev'rent fear ;
She loved her knowledge to impart,
And truth impress upon the heart ;
She loved desponding souls to cheer,
From fearful souls to banish fear.

Sweet were the hours of Sabbath eve,
When she all other cares would leave,
And with her children, hand in hand,
Gather around the Bible stand ;
One on her shoulder lean'd his head,

Another on her breast was laid,
Some on her knees reclining press'd,
And all the five found room and rest.
Then from the open book she'd say
The lesson for the next Lord's Day ;
It was her never-varied rule
To fit them for the Sunday-school,
Where teachers gratefully discerned
How she had taught and they had learn'd.

This labor done, another page
Of other truth their thoughts engage ;
Among the first were God's commands,
Graved on the stone by Moses' hands ;
Oft would they read in sweet accord
The birth in Bethlehem of their Lord,
How angels did the shepherds warn,
That Christ was in the stable born ;
Their voices then the song began,
Peace to the earth, good will to man ;
No mortal could describe the strains
Of heavenly choirs o'er earthly plains ;

And then with voice suppressed she read
How Mary made the infant's bed
Where horned oxen had been fed.
'Twas not on down the Saviour lay,
The softest bed he had was hay,
No royal robes his limbs adorned,
But swaddling bands that others scorned.

If such was of God's Son the birth,
Why murmur any son of earth.
O! rather let his sorrow be
Christ must be born as low as he.

'Twas not alone of Jesus' charms,
An infant in the Virgin's arms,
Or when the wise men from afar,
Guided by Bethlehem's burning star,
Brought gifts of gold and incense sweet,
And kneeling laid them at his feet,
She read.

—— But deeds of after years,
When words of love bedewed with tears,
Still'd the loud wail of the distressed,

And laid the mourners' grief to rest ;
Brother or child recall'd from death,
He the sole author of their breath,
Tongues to the dumb, eyes to the blind,
To mad ones healing of the mind,
Health to the sick, feet to the lame,
To all rejoicing in His name.

When she had told of works he wrought,
She spoke the blessed words he taught ;
How oft the lessons she'd recount
He gave upon that sacred mount,
Made sacred ; for upon it stood
The feet of Christ—the feet of God ;
And then with the sincerest heart,
“ Our Father which in Heaven art.”

With tears her lips would often tell
What to the Holy One befel ;
That He who left His crown above—
Riches and power—the angels love ;
To teach his truth from hour to hour,
With weary steps from door to door,

That all the world might learn and know
The good his mercy could bestow,
Had died—a cure for human woe.
But how ? Not on a bed of down,
But underneath his Father's frown ;
No hand was there to wipe a tear,
But cruel hands to thrust the spear ;
No hand His drooping head to prop,
But hands to mix with gall His cup ;
No hand to guard Him from assail,
But hands to drive the rough-made nail ;
No hand His anguish to relieve,
But hands His thorny crown to weave ;
For pity's words there was no tongue,
But thousands mocked Him as He hung.
O ! was it strange that rocks should break,
Or strange that many dead should wake ?

Why *should* not his expiring wail
Asunder rend the Temple's veil ?
No wonder Heaven was wrapp'd in cloud,
Or mountains shook with thunder loud .

More wonder that the stars fell not,
Or this world was not left a blot,
When he exclaimed with loudest cry,
Eloi ! Lama ! Sabacthani !
Such were the lessons, hand in hand,
Were taught around that Bible stand.

How soon her fifty years roll'd by,
Like shadows from the changing sky,
From clouds on fitful April days,
Blown by the wind their trackless way,
Shower after shower, sunbeams between,
All ending in a glorious sheen.

Death came on slowly-moving wheels,
As night on day reluctant steals,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the West,
The sun in crimson sinks to rest.
Her time was short ; and yet the day
Of death was weeks and months away.
And time was given her for prayer,
For her departure to prepare ;
She oft expressed her joy and peace

In expectation of release.

A morning came with rosy light,
Warming the hillside's rising height ;
She musing sat—then meekly said,
In words of mingled joy and dread,
How soon within the mountain's breast
My weary limbs will find their rest,
And I be with the ransomed blest,
Tho' not with murmuring or complaining,
But joyful in the Saviour reigning.

No one more loved in leisure hours
To roam among the opening flowers.
In twilight, 'mid dissolving views,
We lingered oft till falling dews.

One bright and sunny summer's morn,
When flowers the hills and vales adorn ;
When warblers on the branches sing,
And make the air with music ring ;
When rose-leaves o'er the path were spread,
Syringas bending overhead,
We wheeled her in her easy chair

To outer gate, "through balmy air."
She spoke of pleasures that were past,
Of out-door pleasures, this was last—
Death had his shadow o'er her cast.

She often said, in cheerful tone,
The time of death is only known
To Him who keeps in his control
The destiny of every soul ;
Just as well now as time to come,
Since dying is but going home ;
And why should I at all repine,
When I am God's and He is mine ;
Why should I weep, lament or sigh ?
Death is my gateway to the sky,
Jesus himself the portal passed,
And victory crowned his way at last,
And nought his children e'er confounds
When his Almighty arm surrounds.

At times her scattered flock returned
As life's last embers slowly burned,
And mingled with their mother's fears,

Their love, their sympathy and tears ;
One precious child was always there,
Waiting beside the suff'rer's chair,
And nightly holding on her breast
The head that found no other place of rest.

When all were present in her room,
In silent thought of what must come,
She said, We have no cause to grieve,
I have no little babes to leave,
But all replied we can't but grieve,
Big ones, mamma, you have to leave ;
For none forgot the childhood charms
They found within her circling arms.

But is there nothing to be told,
Of faults that others might behold,
If she like angels pure had been,
What need of Him who saves from sin ;
But few the faults that could be seen,
Love's spotless mantle came between,
And now in silence and at rest
“ Her children rise and call her blest.”

The spring-tide told of ebbing life,
That time would end too soon ;
We thought the summons might delay
Till leafy, flowery June.

From summer's bloom till autumn frost,
And leaves were in the sere,
She waited ! Then for icy chains
That bound the dying year.

The first hour of the winter came,
Snowflakes were falling fast,
The winds were howling all around,
Death's voice was in the blast.

Sad were the hearts that laid her down,
In silent hope to rest,
And earth received the dust again
To her maternal breast.

She sleeps now in the silent vale
In consecrated ground,
And waits till the last morning breaks
To hear the rising sound.

Her grave is decked with lilies white,
Set by these hands of ours ;
She must not break through bars of stone,
But rise through beds of flowers.



OUR MOTHER.



In one of those secluded shady vales,
So frequent in Mount Hope's uneven ground,
Where trees are bending to the gentle gales
There sleeps alone beneath a grassy mound,
A mother. And the passing wind bewails,
The untimely loss with sighs of mournful sound ;
Her children cover o'er her grave with flowers,
And sing her requiem till the dewy hours.



Our Mother ! name to *Love* so dear,
How sweet it falls upon our ear,
And sweeter now since Heaven wills,
We only have the grave she fills.

We know but little of the bliss,
We have in treasures such as this,
We cannot prize the light of day,
'Till darkness drives the light away.

She, over the on golden strand,
Leaves us like lone rocks on the sand,
But tho' severe the parting pains,
A precious memory remains.

We often sit her grave beside,
At noonday and at eventide,
When all around is calm and still,
Save the sweet notes of whip-po-will.

We think of eyes that sweetly smiled,
When we with joy or mirth were wild,
But just as soon were filled with tears,
When we were toss'd with pains or fears.

We think of hands in labor skilled,
And ever more with blessings filled,
That she might all our wants supply,
Or wipe the tears of sorrow dry.

How oft recalled the chamber, where,
She kneeling made the evening prayer,
When her sweet lips we kissed *good-night*,
And visions vanished from our sight.

But now her hands inactive rest,
Across her sleeping, peaceful breast,
Her lips no more will silence break,
'Till all the dead from slumber wake.

Her busy heart to beat has ceased,
Her soul not dead but just released,
Has gone where angel-voices raise
Their everlasting song of praise.

And now amid the songs she waits,
Our entrance through the pearly gates,
Where we, through years so long, so sweet,
Will God's redeeming love repeat.

REMINISCENCES OF MY GRANDFATHER,

JOHN GAZLAY,

Born July, 1722—Died July, 1811.

[Through his business life a resident of Dutchess County.]

I remember the looks of my grandsire so well,
Though when I was born he was eighty years
old,
And I'd give my old shoes if I only could tell
The stories he sat in the corner and told.
His hair was as bushy as when he was young,
Just white enough in it for silvery gray,
To his staff his right hand tenaciously clung,
Whether sitting or walking abroad in the way.
He would tell of his home on the rise of the hill,
And down on the lowland the salt meadow mill,
Of the orchard he planted, where forests he cleared,

And the old fashioned numberless household he
reared.

Of the last of the lot, a pair of twin boys,
Who multiplied cares as they multiplied joys,
They were called after Jacob's two motherless ones
And for short Joe and Ben were the names of the
sons.

They easily learned of deception the art,
For few could tell one from the other apart,
Their mischief oft led them for wrongs they had done
To lay all the blame on the innocent one.
And none, as such errors would often transpire,
Could say which the true one, or which was the liar
He would tell of the old Revolution, the stories,
The raids of the cow-boys, the meanness of tories,
The gains and the losses, the infamous name
Of Arnold, the traitor, and Washington's fame,
How the armies of Freedom God's arm had sur-
rounded,

And the foes that oppressed them His might had
confounded,

Of the son that was sent with the Government's
orders,
Far up to the North on the enemies borders;
How he fell through the ice on the lake of Cham-
plain,
And tho' frosted pressed onward the camp-fires to
gain,
Of another one shot in that war to be free,
And the rest of them, all patriotic as he;
Of the five noble daughters he gave to be wives,
Who to home and religion devoted their lives,
And not like the women who shrink from the task,
But they reared all the children their country could
ask—
My father's brown cottage was his chosen home,
Where his children were ever accustomed to come,
With some gift in their hand as a pleasant surprise,
When glad tears easy flowing would start to his eyes,
He called us his fairies when round him we hung,
And listened to tales from his musical tongue.
We rode on his foot either sideway or straddle,
His silver shoe-buckle our beautiful saddle,

And when we in noise or in mirth would persist,
The worst of his scolding was "whist, children,
whist!"

We gathered the acorns from boughs that we shook,
To the chair in the corner the treasure we took.

Are these good as chestnuts, can grandfather tell?"
He archly replied "if you like them as well."
The lesson is plain for we oftentimes see
That the sweetness to you is the bitter to me.

'Twas the middle of summer—the sun passed the noon,
Although he was ninety, we thought it too soon,
When we all stood around him to watch and to weep,
And wondered that death could be so much like sleep,
For all that was present let fall the big tears
As he ended the last of his time-honor'd years.
Around on his pillow his silver locks strayed,
One hand by his side, on his bosom one laid,
His lips were so silent, his eyes were so dim,
It was evening to us, but 'twas morning to him,
For he left all his woes when the light left his eyes
And awoke to the glories and bliss of the skies.

THE SISTERS.

Sober Daisy seldom smiles,
And oftentimes unheeding
Others recreations ; finds
Her pleasure more in reading.

Hattie as the friend of friends,
Divides with them her treasure,
And her pleasure is, to be
Devoted to their pleasure.

Absent-minded Daisy—thinks—
To do—is ready never,
Hattie ever wills to do,
And Daisy wills to have her.

Daisy, very Mary-like,
Is studious—sentimental,
Hattie, very Martha-like,
So caring—yet so gentle.

Thus dissimilar in make,
In mind and form and faces,
Daisy's prominence is mind,
But Hattie's is the Graces.

These are early childhood traits,
And future elevation,
Both of mind and heart in each,
Depends on cultivation.

Hattie must the mind improve
And Daisy mind the manners,
Then it might be doubtful, which
Would bear away the banners.

THE CHILDEN IN HEAVEN.

Three precious ones have gone beyond
Our influence, and our prayer,
The hand that gave them took them back
To Heaven's peculiar care.

We pluck the fairest flowers that grow,
Upon their slender stem,
What we so often do to these,
God only does to them.

They're borne away from wintry climes,
On angel's fleetest wing,
To gardens where like flowers they bloom
In everlasting Spring.

CHARLIE.

Our little Charlie is the pet
Of pa's and grandpa's houses,
But not *so little* now, since he
Has donned the coat and trousers,
And with his whistle, trumpet, drum,
He makes us nearly deaf and dumb,
He thinks himself almost a man,
When for his height we praise him,
Or in the glass his form to scan,
He mounts the chair to raise him.
He looks up at the six feet two,
And says "I'm most as big as you."
But though impatient with the noise,
And play things in confusion,
They are but pleasures overdone,
Like flowers in profusion.
Too soon the boys are grown to men,
And silence reigns at home again.

SACRED SONGS.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With light and comfort from above,
Our languid souls inspire,
For our Redeemer's glorious name
Kindle in us a burning flame
Of zeal—a glowing fire.

Why should we strike discordant strings,
Or strive to fly with pinioned wings?
Since Thou hast bid us rise?
Thy strength can make our weakness strong,
Thy grace can help us lift our song,
With raptures to the skies.

O ! give us sanctifying grace,
And let us see thy smiling face
 And with us ever stay.
Let nothing here our hearts divide,
Nor let us wander from thy side,
 Or grieve Thee more away.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Eternal Spirit, Holy One !
Sent of the Father and the Son,
Thy presence every soul pervades,
Reproves, convinces, or persuades.

Give us the light of life divine
In our benighted souls to shine,
And guide us lest our feet should stray,
And stumble in the darksome way.

Give us thy wisdom to perceive,
What we may covet, what must leave,
What to be done, what not to do,
What evil shun, what right pursue.

Give us Thy strength, our burden share,
Both what we would or would not bear,
'Tis Thine to choose, ours to obey,
Though smooth or rugged be our way.

O Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Renew and make us wholly Thine,
May every passion of our soul,
Be under Thy benign control.

THE COMFORTER.

Blest Comforter Divine! descend,
And fix Thy dwelling in my breast,
Wilt Thou my every step attend,
When weary, wilt Thou be my rest.

When I my sins in sadness mourn,
Be Thou my comfort and my stay,
For by Thy hand the lamp is borne,
That lights the darkness of my way.

When waves of trouble o'er me roll,
Lift Thou my bark above the tide,
And drive the tempter from my soul,
When by temptations I am tried.

Then when the shades of Death surround,
My weakness to Thy strength I'll bind,
And with Thy mighty arms around,
I'll leave the shadows all behind.

THE WORDS OF CHRIST ARE LIFE.

John 6: 68.

When *false* disciples turned away,
No more with Christ to be,
The *true* with joy exclaimed O Lord,
Thy words are life to me.

No hour is e'er so full of gloom,
No darkness so profound,
But Lord, Thy words can light a flame,
That spreads sweet comfort round.

When overwhelming sorrows rise,
And nothing bright I see,
Thy words can turn aside the veil,
Between my eyes and Thee.

When Death with threat'ning horror comes,
And would my soul destroy,
Thy word can pluck the poisoned string,
And turn the fear to joy.

I cast myself upon Thine arm,
Where I can rest secure,
Though hills from their foundations move,
Thy words are ever sure.

HUMBLE RELIANCE.

Lord in the dust, low at Thy feet,
A helpless worm I lie,
A step can crush my soul to death,—
The Spirit's all reviving breath,
Can give me wings to fly.

Upward I lift my wishful eyes,
To find Thy smiling face,
Did ever sinner seek in vain,
Or when he prayed, did still remain,
A stranger to Thy grace?

Of all the reasons for my plea,
But one alone I give,
The Saviour on the shameful tree,
Poured out His precious blood for me,
And died that I might live.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPES.

Father I know and humbly own,
How great my sins have been,
But hope through grace o'er sin and death,
The victory to win.

I hope on Zion's hill to meet
The friends I loved below,
And with them walk the golden street,
In garments white as snow.

I hope before my Saviour's face,
With all the saints to stand,
And place upon his head a crown,
With my unworthy hand.

And there to sing Redeeming love
With the unnumbered throng,
Where every sounding arch sends back,
The everlasting song.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.

1 St. John 4: 19.

The world's foundation was not laid,
Nor sun nor moon nor stars were made,
Ere Jesus found the ransom paid,

For souls condemned to endless loss.
'Twas for the love he had for me,
And from my sins to set me free,
He suffered in Gethsemane,

And poured his life out on the cross.

O! how can I the love despise,
That brought Him from the upper skies,
To taste of death from death to rise,

And intercede before the throne?
For love so matchless, so divine,
Eternal, infinite as Thine,

I give Thee, blessed Jesus mine;
Thou wilt the humble offering own.

THE CROSSES AND THE CROWN.

Shall I refuse the cross to bear,
That on me has been laid,
Since God has made the promise sure
Of all sufficient aid.

The trials that we suffer here,
But for a time endure,
The glories of their work will be,
Exceeding and secure.

The cross the Saviour deigned to take,
No mortal man could bear,
He sunk beneath it on the hill,
And died upon it there.

Redemption's work was made complete,
The law was satisfied,
And every debt was fully paid
When He was crucified.

He bore His heavy cross alone,
Our cross He helps us bear,
And at our journey's end, we shall
A crown of glory wear.

THE PENITENT SAVED.

Oppressed with sins and unbelief
My soul was overwhelmed with grief,
Filled with despair—a deep unrest,
Born of the storm within my breast.

My guilt a heavy load I felt,
Prostrate at Jesus' feet I knelt,
I prayed : O ! for some refuge near,
To save me from my guilt and fear.

A gleam of light fell from the skies,
That dazzled my bewildered eyes,
That deep despair though dark as night,
Was changed at once to silver light.

Is this the light that Christ doth shed,
On the forgiven sinner's head ?
Is this the joy he doth impart,
To the believer's new-born heart ?

Then let the darkness take its flight,
That I have groped in all the night,
Let Heavenly beams fall on our way,
That make all hours the hours of day.

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

Luke 18: 13.

The publican with downcast eyes,
In humble posture prayed,
O God! be merciful to me,
Was all the prayer he made.

But God who sees the falling tear,
And hears the feeblest cry,
Was there the humble prayer to hear,
And brought salvation nigh.

If sinners still Thy mercy share
And still Thou canst forgive
I would repeat the sinner's prayer,
O let the suppliant live.

Thy shelt'ring wings are spread abroad,
Beneath, the saints abide,
Under their shadow, O, my God,
May I forever hide.

THE CRUCIFIED ONES.

Luke 23 : 39-43.

When Jesus on the cross was hung,
A sinner died on either hand,
Clouds o'er the face of Heaven were hung,
And darkness covered all the land.

Though curses from the lips of one,
Descended on His thorn-crowned head,
No evil was for evil done,
No words of bitterness were said.

The other touched by love divine
To Jesus lifted wishful eyes,
And heard the answer "Grace is thine
To be with me in Paradise."

Lord, is there still at this late hour,
In Heaven for praying souls a place?
Then let us feel the sov'reign power,
Of Thy recov'ring, saving grace.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR AND

SUNG AT THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REV. DR.
SHAW'S PASTORATE

OVER THE BRICK CHURCH, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

O, Jesus! our Shepherd who ledest thy fold
Into pastures, where clear waters flow,
We tell of thy tenderness as it was told
By the prophets in ages ago.

Thy hand, by the hand of the Shepherd we love,
Over green hills and valleys by light,
Has led us in safety where e'er we might rove,
And has sheltered us safely at night.

Tho' winter were long, and tho' cheerless the day,
And the tempest were fearful in form,
His voice, like the voice upon dark Galilee,
Has been peace on the breast of the storm.

Our path thro' the Valley of Shadows may lie,
And our tears may be falling like rain,
His finger points up to the Star in the sky,
That first shone over Bethlehem's plain.

The years he must lead us are shortening now,
Still we follow the Shepherd we love ;
And when to the mandate of Death we must bow
We shall rest in the pastures above.

HID FROM THE WISE, REVEALED TO BABES.

(Matt. ii., 25.)

Jesus with lifted eyes

Prayed to His Father's throne
For blessings on the lowly head
Of those He called His own.

To Him his thanks he gave,
That things which were concealed,
From great and wise ones of the world,
To children were revealed.

How wond'rous are thy ways,
O God of truth and love !
That humble souls, forgotten here,
Should mansions have above.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL HYMN,
WRITTEN FOR THE
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRESBYTERY OF ROCHESTER,
IN APRIL, 1869.

Eternal God ! How swift the years,
Like clouds, are past and gone,
And through alternate hopes and fears
Our fleeting days run on.

Our fathers sleep beneath the ground,
Where we must shortly rest,
And not a work or word or sound
Disturbs the sleeper's breast.

Our days are like the morning grass,
That wither, O ! how soon !
And oftentimes we fall, alas !
Before the scythe at noon.

The end of fifty years to come
Few here can ever see ;
Within th' eternal gates we hope
To spend that Jubilee.

Eternal God ! how swift the years,
Like clouds, are passing by ;
May we from seed we sow in tears
A harvest reap on high.

NINETY-SEVENTH PSALM.

God's throne in clouds and darkness stands,
All Heaven obeys His high commands ;
His righteous attributes alone
Are habitations of His throne.

The wicked *only* fear His wrath,
He treads with tireless feet their path ;
No hiding place eludes his sight,
No power withstands his matchless might.

The hills are burned like lighted flax,
And melt and flow like heated wax ;
His enemies in flames he burns,
When mercy unto judgment turns.

But for the righteous joy is sown,
And blessings scatter from His throne ;
They read the love his fingers write,
In lines of everlasting light.

Rejoice, ye righteous, for ye know
Jehovah reigns above, below—
Idols are crushed beneath His hand,
Before Him saints in glory stand.

HYMN OF TRUST.

When the Lord was crucified,
Lo! the Heavens in darkness hide ;
Then my sins as well as He
Hung upon the shameful tree.
For a world His tears were shed,
For a world He groaned and bled.

Lord! My faith on Him is laid,
All my hopes on Him are staid,
Though my best obedience fails,
Righteousness of His avails.
In His name I make my plea,
Let me thy salvation see.

From the rock-bound tomb He rose,
Triumphed o'er the last of foes,
Now upon His sapphire throne
Reigns eternal and alone.
So like Him the Saints shall rise,
And like Him ascend the skies.

HYMN ON THE COVENANT.

O God of Abr'am and his seed,
Thy promise to thy Church we plead,
Thy word the Covenant reveals,
Our faith baptismal water seals.

Thou art our Father, we thine own,
Though we of Abr'am ne'er were known;
For of the stones Thy hand can raise
A seed Thy wond'rous name to praise.

Our Saviour broke dividing walls,
And to His faith the nations calls;
Gentile and Jew, the free, the slave,
May prove His grace and power to save.

Thy chosen seed, the Sons of Light,
Shall num'rous be as stars of night,
And e'en the sand on ocean's shore,
Than these shall never number more.

Our Father, Saviour, all Divine,
We and our children both are Thine ;
Thy promise stands to Israel sure,
And shall through endless years endure.

THE MERCY SEAT.

There is no hour so sweet, as when
I bow at Jesus' feet,
And when He speaks my welcome to
His blood-bought mercy seat.

No golden palace can compare
With that dear chosen place ;
'Tis sunlight all the year, where He
Reveals His gracious face.

Thy presence, Lord, is all I need,
To fill my soul with love ;
And to be with Thee will be all
The Heaven I need above.

My soul would here begin Thy praise,
And Thy sweet name repeat,
Till when above I cast my crown
Down at Thy sacred feet.

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

(Psalm 139, 8.)

There's not a thought I call my own,
Or secret I possess,
Unknown to Thee, O Lord, though I
Deny it or confess.

Thy presence all my soul pervades,
Thine arm my steps surround,
And there's no realm of silence where
Thy footprints are not found.

If I should rise to Heaven above,
Or down to Hell descend,
Or on the wings of morning fly,
To earth's remotest end ;

Thy hand would hold me in its grasp,
Control my wand'ring flight,
That if I would I could not pass
Beyond Thy burning sight.

O guide my feet in wisdom's ways,
That lead to joys above,
Where I may ever bask beneath
The sunshine o thy love.

HYMNS ON THE BEATITUDES.

“BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT,
for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.”—Matt. v., 3

'Tis not the rich whom God approves,
Who have their part below;
'Tis not the worldly wise He loves,
Whatever they may know.

'Tis not the mighty ones of earth
Divinest favor win;
God has no care for blood or birth,
But just the heart within.

The poor in spirit God will bless
Who bow to His decree,
And gives *his* will supreme control,
Whate'er that will may be.

Let worldly wisdom, glitt'ring dust,
Nor fame entrance our eyes ;
They only would secure our trust,
To keep us from the skies.

The humble soul God makes His own,
Through His recov'ring grace,
Shall be exalted to a throne,
And see him face to face.



“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN,
for they shall be comforted.”—Matt. iv., 4.



The humble sigh, the falling tear,
That oft bedews the mourner's cheek,
Are in the eyes of God more dear
Than all the words the lips can speak.

His tender, sympathetic heart,
Can feel the woes that others feel ;
His hands the soothing balm impart,
To comfort, or the wound to heal.

When sinners thoughtlessly abide,
Regardless of their priceless soul,
He trembles lest their feet should slide,
And sink where fiery billows roll.

Such are the men whom God will bless,
With sacred pleasure, while they live,
Nor heart can think, nor tongue express,
The heavenly joys his hands will give.



“BLESSED ARE THE MEEK,
for they shall inherit the earth.”—Matt. v., 5.



The meek and lowly Lamb of God,
The hills and vales of Judah trod,
Began His doctrines to proclaim,
His wisdom, power, and whence He came.

Seas shall be His from shore to shore,
And earth with all her golden store,
From East to West, from pole to pole,
While ages, or the world shall roll.

The num'rous tribes that o'er it teem,
His blood will in the end redeem ;
They are his large, his rich reward,
The free bestowment of his Lord.

The lowly, meek, submissive soul,
That bows the neck to His control,
Shall with Him share His wide domain,
Throughout His never-ending reign.



“BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER

and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—Matt.
v., 6.



The bounteous hand of God is filled,
With grace a boundless store,
And giving makes it none the less,
Withholding none the more.
He showers blessings all around,
Like manna on the sterile ground.

Why should we choose with meaner things,
On coarsest food to fare,
When in our Father's house is bread,
Sufficient and to spare ?
Or why of Marah's water drink,
And perish on its bitter brink ?

The soul that longs for living bread,
And waits refreshing rain,
With truth and righteousness is fed,
Nor water seeks in vain.
The corn the fertile valleys fills,
And verdure crowns the rising hills.



“BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL,

for they shall obtain mercy.”—Mat. 5: 7.



As clouds with wat'ry treasures filled
Descend in copious rains,
Or morning dews like costly gems
Adorn the verdant plains,

So do Thy blessings, God of Love,
In plenteous showers descend
Upon the unjust and the just,
On foe as well as friend.

But richer mercies fall on him,
Who gives as he receives,
And his relief is sweeter for
The ills which he relieves.

The man whose soft forgiving heart,
Can feel another's woes,
And for the sorrows of the poor,
With sympathy o'erflows;

For the few grains of mercy sown,
In tears and faith and love,
Shall with him bear the heavy sheaves,
To garner built above.

“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART,

for they shall see God.”—Matt. 5: 8.

Blest are the spotless souls,
Cleansed from their guilty stains,
In purifying streams that flowed,
From their Redeemer's veins.

There is no fount beside,
Can heal a guilty soul,
No name in Heaven or earth but His,
Can make the sinner whole.

The fountain of His blood
O'erflows for sinners still,
Its healing power is ever new,
And all may wash who will.

Beneath the stream I lie,
And purified by blood,
Sure I must be confessed Thy child,
And see Thee, O, my God.

“BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS,

for they shall be called the children of God.”—Matt. 5:9.

When winds sweep o’er the land,
When raging tempests roar,
When the mad ocean lifts its waves,
And breaks them on the shore,

Sweet are succeeding calms,
The sunshine in the west,
The rainbow on retreating clouds,
And nature’s peaceful rest.

When friends are turned to foes,
And angry passions rage,
When brothers against brothers rise,
And bitter conflicts wage,

Blest is the man whose voice
The mercy-seat implores,
Whose pious counsels lay the storm,
And gentle peace restores.

The Father calls him child,
And men the kindred own,
He has the freedom of a son,
And heirship of a throne.

“BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED,

for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and shall say all
manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.”

Blest are the men whose righteous zeal,
Provokes the sinner's wrath,
Who shuns the snares that lie concealed
Along the narrow path.

What though the righteous are despised,
And bear the scorn of men,
They hear reviling with a smile,
And ne'er revile again.

What though they wear the galling chain,
In prison dungeons lie,
The ear that heard a Peter's prayer,
Will listen when they cry.

And though they sink beneath the load,
The cross, the chain, the frown,
Sleep in the martyr's early grave,
They'll wear a martyr's crown.

HYMN OF FAITH.

Did Jesus from the skies come down,
And lay aside the starry crown,
His glorious head adorns,
For such unworthy ones as I,
To suffer on the cross and die
Beneath a crown of thorns?

His love that never knew a bound,
Whose depth nor height could e'er be found,
Redemption must devise ;
No blood on Jewish altars poured,
Nor mines with golden treasure stored,
Could be the sacrifice.

Thy blood, dear Savior, thine alone,
Must for the sins of man atone,
And save our fallen race,
My faith would lay her hand in Thine,
And trust Thy grace and power divine,
Thy perfect righteousness.

I'll sing redemption's wond'rous song,
And the sweet notes I love prolong,
Through all the years to come,
While on this side my breath shall last,
And when my feet have Jordan passed,
In my eternal home.

BEULAH, THE LORD'S BRIDE.

Isa. 62: 4.

There is a land this side of Heaven,
That Jesus calls his bride,
She never shall forsaken be,
Nor driven from His side.

And Beulah's and her children's names,
In fairest letters stand,
As lasting as eternal years,
Engraven on His hand.

The light of Heaven shines o'er her plains,
Her fragrance Heavenly flowers,
And breezes fann'd by angels wings,
Blow softly through her bowers.

'Tis not the saint's eternal home,
The house of their abode,
'Tis only their sweet resting place,
Before they cross the flood.

The fullest glories of their Lord,
Are on the farther side,
Beyond the ever fearful flow
Of Jordan's swelling tide.

His own right hand will part the wave,
And lead them safely o'er,
To fairer fields and brighter homes,
On Canaan's happy shore.

THE REDEEMED IN WHITE ROBES.

Rev. 7: 9: 14.

I saw before the eternal Throne,
A countless number stand,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white,
And palms were in their hand,
Salvation to the Lamb they sing,
And God, the everlasting King.

In wonder there the angels fell,
Before His glorious face,
And who are these in white they cried,
That find this happy place?
They out of tribulation came,
Washed in the blood of Christ the Lamb.

Shall I, O Lord, with them be found,
Like them arrayed in white,
Shall I be cleansed from every sin,
And spotless in Thy sight?
Then with adoring hosts, I'll sing,
Salvation to the Saviour-King.

DEDICATION HYMN.

O Lord of Hosts! whose dwelling place,
Is high above the starry skies,
Thy presence fills the boundless space,
Where suns and planets set and rise.

Thy Temple stands on Zion's Hill,
Though millions pay their homage there,
Thine ear in humbler temples still,
Inclines to hear the contrite prayer.

We consecrate this house to Thee,
Now and forever to be Thine,
Here may our eyes Thy wonders see,
Of glory and of grace divine.

Let converts here begin Thy praise,
Let children their hosannas sing,
And riper saints their voices raise,
In honor of their Saviour King.

May this be Beulah's happy land,
In sight of Canaan's happier shore,
Where Thy blest people waiting stand,
For fav'ring winds to waft them o'er.

BRIDAL HYMN.

The bridal feast in Cana,
On Gallilean hills,
Where flowers are ever blooming,
Along the shady rills,
Was made the scene of wonder,
By Jesus' power divine,
When water from the fountain
Was turned to choicest wine.

When He reveals His presence,
Where nuptial vows are made,
And loving hearts are given,
And loving hearts repaid,
He crowns the love with blessings,
From His abounding store,
As lasting as the mountains
That stand forever more.

Though many hours of gladness
 May have a sad alloy,
There's not one hour of sadness,
 But love will mix with joy.
May never failing blessings,
 Be on the happy pair,
And union this side Heaven,
 Make union happier there.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Thanks to our God, this festal day,
Though forests green are turned to gray,
And flowers that in the summer bloom,
Are buried in their wintry tomb.

The garnerers bend beneath the corn,
Abundance overflows the horn,
And why for wasting winter care,
When summer suns the waste repair.

Though in the passage of the year,
We've witnessed many a falling tear,
Though friends have to the grave been borne,
They wait a resurrection morn.

A day that knows no evening shade,
Nor frost to wilt a summer's blade,
But lasting fruits—perrenial bloom,
A paradise without a tomb.

Then thanks to God whose hand bestows,
Relief for all our wants and woes,
Adown a hundred fold he showers,
Above eternal life is ours.

THE PROMISE TO TWO OR THREE.

Mat. 18: 20.

Blest is the hour when christian's meet,
In their appointed place of prayer,
And bow before the mercy seat,
For Jesus will himself be there.

The promise is to two or three,
Who mee^e together in His name,
As surely with them He will be,
As if a thousand thousand came.

Lord, we would crowd Thy temple gate,
With numbers at the hour of prayer,
With longing supplications wait,
To see Thy great salvation there.

O, Blessed Spirit from above!
Bring back the pentecostal days,
That sinners here may taste Thy love,
And strike new anthems to Thy praise.

TWO WORLDS AND TWO WAYS.

(Matt. vii., 13.)

Beyond the bounds of time,
Ascend the hills of light,
Far from the dismal clime,
The world of endless night,
Unmeasured deeps between them lie,
No wing of angel dares to try.

We reach eternal day,
Thro' wisdom's narrow path ;
A broad and downward way
Leads to the gates of death.
The narrow way is trod by few,
The wide unnumbered throngs pursue.

Let sinners shun the day,
And choose a rayless night,
I'll keep the narrow way
And seek the world of light.
O, Jesus! hold my trembling hand,
And lead me to the heavenly land.

Though upward be my road,
And hard my cross to bear,
Thou wilt sustain my load,
And guide me safely there,
Where I can lay my burden down,
And take the promised golden crown.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

Lord! from my pillow oft I rise,
Refreshed with dreams of bliss,
And wonder that an hour of pain
Could follow one like this.

But sweeter far the wakeful hour,
When I recall thy love,
And to my soul Thy word imparts
A taste of joys above.

Let not my visions be but dreams,
That fade with morning light,
But harbingers of coming day,
That dissipates the night.

If I am troubled or at rest,
On this my pilgrim way,
Let me through light—or gloom discern
A rising, endless day.

THE PRODIGAL.

(Luke xv., 11, 32.)

O, sinner! why leave the sweet pleasures of Home,
In pathways of folly with strangers to roam,
Of lips that entice to transgression beware,
The fairer the promise, more fatal the snare.

O, sinner! return, let thy wanderings cease,
Thy father is waiting to meet thee in peace;
In robes He will dress thee, His table is spread,
His mansion will cover thy shelterless head.

Return! and the angels of God will rejoice,
The saints in the song will unite their glad voice,
And harps that were silent will echo the sound,
The dead one is living, the lost one is found.

SACRAMENTAL.

When around the festal board,
We remember Thee, O Lord !
'Tis not of the bread we think,
Nor the cup of which we drink ;
But the flowing crimson tide,
From Thy hands and feet and side,
Of the thorns that crowned Thy brow,
Crowned with stars of glory now.

All the prophets had of old,
Of Thy sufferings foretold,
Was endured on Calvary,
When they nailed Thee to the tree.
Jesus ! our triumphant King,
Honors to Thy name we bring,
Light we'll count our cross to be
Weighed with glory shared with Thee.

THE SAVIOUR'S PASSION.

(Sacramental.)

Jesus's name to angels dearest,
And adored by all above,
Name to all the ransomed nearest,
For Thy bleeding, dying love.

Father in thine anguish calling,
Let this sorrow pass me by;
Sweat as blood was off Thee falling,
No deliverer was nigh.

From the thorns that crowned Thee bleeding,
While in Pilate's Judgment Hall,
All Thy pains and woes unheeding,
Madly for Thy death they call.

Up to Calvary ascending,
Crimson drops thy footprints stain;
None were there Thy cause defending,
E'en Thy friends were foes again.

On the cross where sinners nailed Thee,
Prayer employed Thy latest breath ;
Love while bleeding never failed Thee,
Till Thy head was bowed in Death.

Long remembered be the garden,
Pilate's bar, the cross, the grave ;
Only these have sealed our pardon,
Blood of Thine alone could save.

BURIAL HYMN.

Around the open grave we meet,
The strait between the earth and skies ;
Dark shadows lie beneath our feet,
Above eternal hills arise.
'Tis here we end our mortal strife,
And here we enter into life.

And yet we linger on these shores,
Entranced by their illusive charms,
And love the false though glitt'ring stores
That keep us from the Saviour's arms.
From these, blest Jesus! turn our eyes
To lasting treasures in the skies.

Let shadows gather darkness still,
And still this world more vain appear ;
To faith's discerning eyes reveal
The everlasting glories near,
When we can leave this vale of tears,
With joy for Heaven's eternal years.

RESURRECTION HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR AND

REPEATED AT THE BURIAL OF MISS MARY R. WARNER,

DAUGHTER OF THE HON. H. G. WARNER.

Blest was the resurrection morn,
When Jesus left the dead,
No herald's trumpet woke its dawn,
Or raised His fallen head.

His own Almighty power was pledged,
The Temple's walls to raise,
That should through all the ages stand
A monument of praise.

His ever-wakeful eyes shall keep
Their vigils round the grave,
Till the last rising morn reveals
His wond'rous power to save.

Lord, in the hope Thy word inspires,
And Thine own rising day,
We willingly our frames resign
To moulder in the clay.

And now to Thy kind keeping care,
This precious one we trust,
Assured the ransomed spirit will
Reanimate this dust.

HEAVEN.

(Rev., xxi.)

There is somewhere amid the stars,
Unseen by mortal eyes
A world! where light and glory shine,
And not a shadow or a sign
Of darkness veils the skies.

The gates of Zion never close,
For *there* there is no night,
For God, whose rays the stars illumine,
And cheer with hope the Christian's tomb,
Is Heaven's eternal light.

No pain is felt, no sigh is heard,
No sin invades its plains;
No sorrow, tear, or parting there,
Nor sombre grave in silence, where
The Lamb in glory reigns.

O, glorious day ! O, blessed home !

Where friends and kindred meet,
Their journey and their labor done,
They stand in presence of the Throne,
In righteousness complete.

Why wish the wheels of time more slow,
To keep us from the place,
Where saints arrayed in white attire,
And angels with seraphic fire,
Proclaim God's endless praise.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

To God let all creation raise
A song of universal praise,
Whose word Almighty spread the skies,
And bid their silent wonders rise.

Praise God, ye sun ! by day our light ;
Praise Him, ye moon ! that rules the night ;
And all ye stars, that round her shine,
Praise Him whose glories are divine.

Ye mountains, and ye plains below ;
Ye seas that roll, and streams that flow ;
Ye creatures all, that in them live,
Praise Him who doth you being give.

Praise Him, our Giver and our Guide,
Our Rock, our Refuge, where we hide ;
Ye angels and ye ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

REFLECTIONS AT THE BURIAL SERVICE OF THE DAUGHTER OF DR. S. M. CAMPBELL.

I have just returned from the funeral of Miss H. C., the daughter of esteemed friends. On my way there I was calling to remembrance the long conflict in which she had been engaged with the disease that was so intent upon her life from her childhood, through all the years of her youth, to mature age.

Every effort of her own, of her friends and physicians, had been made ; every climate sufficiently tried ; the sympathy of thousands kindly expressed had been enjoyed ; daily prayers for her from a thousand altars had been offered ; the watchfulness and care of parents and the other members of the family had been unremitting, but all to no purpose in restoring her to health and its enjoyments.

I thought how sweet it was to be at home after a long conflict. At home! after a long and toilsome journey! At home! out of the perils that have been attendant on every step of a wearying, anxious pilgrimage!

All these have been her experiences, from the beginning to the end of her sorrowing years.

We know how attractive her home has been, aside from all its appointments visible to every passing eye; by the tender solicitude of parental and filial affection; by every kind word and by every possible justifiable indulgence which would be granted to an only daughter and an only sister. Bright and attractive as her earthly home has been, she has doubtless reached one infinitely more desirable. "Heaven is my home," were the words the singers warbled as the funeral services opened.

At home! in her house of many mansions which the Omnipotent Redeemer has prepared, not of brick, or stone, or wood—perishable—but of stones polished and brilliant—imperishable. Not a home

from which to be banished, to some other, on account of sickness or of age. All who are at home there live in immortal vigor and bloom. At home! across the valley and the river. At home! in that city of the New Jerusalem, which is the objective point of all Christian effort. From her mansion there, she will look down upon pavements of untarnishable gold, and only to leave it to ramble upon the fields of Paradise, to look upon the sea of glass, or to wander on the banks of the crystal river, that flows out from the throne of God. At home! where none she *would* were there will be away, and where none she *would* were away will be there. At home! where there is no sun with overpowering rays. At home! where there will be no separation of friend from friend. At home! where no jar is ever heard, but where the voice and the harp will sound their hallelujahs in unending songs. At home! where Jesus is, whose presence makes every mansion perfect and meets every desire.

At home !
Out of the world's dark night,
Into the heavenly rays,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white,
She joins the song of praise.

Praise for her banished fears,
Toils, sorrows, tears and pain,
No more through long eternal years
To break her peace again.

Praise for her glorious home,
Praise for her harp and crown,
In mansions where the weary come
And lay their burdens down.

A POEM,

Read at the farewell meeting held in the Brick Church in Rochester on the evening of the 23d April, 1873, before the departure of Dr. Shaw as delegate from the General Assembly of the United States of America to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The years their circles for an age have made,
Since first we heard our pastor's welcome voice,
Freighted with love and messages of truth,
To list'ning thousands met within these walls,
To God and to religion consecrate.

Summered and wintered in the fold with thee,
We are familiar with no voice but thine,
Some from our infancy to middle life,
And some from early youth to ripened age;
Thou hast on us baptismal water poured,
And at the altar heard our nuptial vows.

Thy words have been our doctrine and reproof,
Correction and instruction in the right ;
How oft Thy words discouraged hearts have
 cheered,
How oft to mourners they have comfort brought ;
Loads off the weary thou hast lifted off,
And hearts desponding thou hast filled with hope.
To eyes already dimmed and dark with death,
Thy words have opened pearly gates beyond,
And thro' them undissolving glories shone,
While they forgot the swelling stream between
Whose liquid, threat'ning walls they pass'd dry
 shod.

With hearts reluctant now we bid thee go
Across the briny deep whose billows roll,
And spend their fury on the rock-bound shore,
Beyond which God has said they cannot pass.
Blow gently, western gales, and bear both thee and
 thine,
In safety to the shores thy fathers left
For this, the new-discovered land of hope.

God give thee, pastor, wisdom from above
To bear the greetings of the favored child
Back to the bosom of the mother church,
Whose model was the church apostles formed,
And whose foundations must forever stand.
May Christian hands across the ocean clasp,
And love, cemented, be like that above.

Our prayers shall follow, night and morn,
The pathway thou may'st tread,
That blessings may in clusters fall
Like showers on thy head.

And when thy feet shall homeward tend,
Let fair winds blow for thee
From eastern shores and bear thy bark
In safety o'er the sea.

And when our ears shall hear again
The voice we long have heard,
With love renewed, we would be more
Observant of thy word.

LINES TO MISS PHEBE CARY.

I read your songs at morn and eve
As pleasant recreation,
And sometimes with them interweave
My hour of adoration.

What though a stranger yet I think
(With Paul) yourself and sister
Are happier with your quills and ink
By far than with a M—r.

I fancy in your cozy shrine,
Some pretty poet cousin,
Then with the other muses nine,
You'd make a sacred dozen.

I paint your image on the clouds
In search of heavenly visions,
Or coming from those vap'ry shrouds,
With heavenly commissions.

A hand to wipe the orphan's tears,
 For mourners consolation,
 For losses, disappointments, fears,
 A gracious "compensation."

A golden sunlight for the blind,
 Some joy for every sorrow,
 For souls to-day that fetters bind,
 Deliverance to-morrow.

How could *your* "mouth be in the dust,"
 Or any like condition,
 For pure imagination must
 Need little of contrition.

My guilt is heavy on my head,
 And oft repentings have I,
 But wonder why you should have said
 "Peccavi, O Peccavi."

As I am now two score and ten,
 And just a little over,
 As some would say upon the wane,
 I like the best of clover.

So I read your sonnets "O'er and o'er,"
And feast upon their neatness,
And guess they flow from lips of more
Than ordinary sweetness.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
A LITTLE CHILD OF THE REV. B. C. SMITH,
OF PRATTSBURG, STEUBEN CO., N. Y.

A little child both bright and fair,
A God-send from the skies,
With ringlets in her auburn hair,
And laughing speaking eyes;

Had woven round parental hearts,
A silken web of love,
And for her pretty childish arts,
They called her "gentle Dove."

She never wandered far about,
Or where they could not hear
Her merry prattle ringing out,
Like music on the ear.

A neighb'ring boy of her own age,
Was with her oft in play,
And on the lawn they might be seen,
On any sunny day.

When morn had drank the dewy gems,
In all the summer weather,
They curl'd the dandelion stems,
And plucked the flowers together.

Their playing ground had never been
Beyond the garden wall,
Their playing hours had come between
The sunrise and its fall.

For summers five had scarcely passed,
Over these precious pearls,
And few the shadows that were cast,
Upon their Saxon curls.

Temptation's wiles had not as yet,
Along their path been spread,
No wayward will in them was set,
In folly's ways to tread.

The summer days full soon had gone,
With hurried steps away,
The leaves lay thick upon the lawn,
Where they were wont to play.

And winter in its turn had flung
 Its chain the earth around,
The Heavens with snowy sheets o'erhung,
 Wrapt up the frozen ground.

* * * * * *

The children round the crackling fires,
 Through all the winter's day,
With childish toys—their mothers, sires,
 Beguiled the hours away.

* * * * * *

The loving boy with skillful hands,
 A slip of rose-tree grew,
And waited winter's wasted sands,
 His play-spells to renew.

The cheerful fire and sunny pane,
 Had shielded it from cold,
'Twas filled when Spring returned again,
 With buds of beauteous mould.

'Twas for his playmate he designed
The pretty flow'ring tree,
The emblem to her infant mind,
Of spotless purity.

From southern climes the breath of spring
Came floating on the breeze,
The early birds were heard to sing,
Among the budding trees.

The crocus and the daffodils
Did wint'ry prisons break,
And vernal winds came o'er the hills
And kissed the ripp'ling lake.

While leaves and flowers were yet at rest,
Awaiting time to bloom,
The "gentle Dove" was lying dressed
In white robes for the tomb.

How many hearts were torn and sad,
How many tears were blent,
That God in hidden mercy had
The great bereavement sent.

'Tis hard to feel submission's charms,
And say Thy will be done,
Though God takes children from our arms,
And folds them in His own.

The boy the buds had plucked, unseen,
And in a quiet way,
Conveyed them, light and dark between,
Where the sweet sleeper lay.

He lingered in the silent room,
In sadness and unrest,
Then laid them ere their time to bloom,
Upon the sleeper's breast.

When morning came and had dispelled,
Night with its restless hours,
The buds the quiet breast had held,
Were opened into flowers.

How oft are children—opening buds
Of promise rudely torn,
From parent stems, who drowned in floods,
Of grief and sorrow mourn.

But in their angel plumage dresse'd
Convoyed to realms on high
And in the land of peaceful rest
They live no more to die.

EPITAPH.

Here lies the babe of an hour,
In the arms of the bride of a year,
On the grave that covers the bud and the flower,
Sweet sympathy drops her tear.

THE DREADED STREAM.

We are travelling toward a river,
That lies in the vale between
This world of lights and shadows,
And the world we have not seen.

Some say it is far in the distance,
Some say it is very near ;
Some think they will never reach it,
Some the rush of its waters hear.

Some who think this river nearest,
May find it farthest away ;
Some who think this river farthest,
May come to its banks to-day.

Some have gleams of land beyond it,
All fresh and fair and green,
And they long to travel o'er it,
Though the river lies between.

To some there is no beauty
Beyond the rolling wave ;
They fear to sink beneath it,
For they see no hand to save.

To the river so much dreaded
We must soon or later come,
Whether all beyond is darkness,
Or we see a golden home.

There is no mortal living,
Who can cross the flood alone ;
He will sink beneath its waters,
To the dark abyss unknown.

There is no mortal living
But can pass it safely o'er,
And leaning on the Saviour
Will reach the shining shore.

He will part the fearful waters,
Till none beneath are seen ;
They stand a wall on either side,
As He leads them through between.

LINES COMPOSED FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

The greatest genius of the English race
Has changed the order of the human ages;
He first portrays the puling infant's face,
Then childhood, youth and life's advancing stages.
But Moses says God first created man,
Then Eve, and thus humanity began.

There is no age so beautiful as when
A youthful pair before the altar stand,
In presence of the angels and of men,
Pledged through life's toilsome journey hand in hand,
Each other's labors, pains and ills to bear,
And each the other's hopes and happiness to share.

'Twas thus a quarter century gone by
Since lovers met beneath a moonlit sky;
Magnetic forces drew the two together,
Like diamond drops of dew in sunny weather.
They have no thought as yet of separation,
Nor have they studied Free-love legislation.

The moon that shines a week, or thereabout,
Another week will put entirely out;
Their silvery honeymoon has not gone down,
'Tis shining still, though many years have flown,
With brighter lustre, morning, night and noon,
In cold December and in flowery June.
'Tis said the moon (it may be true) is cold,
Perhaps because so hoary grown and old,
Weary with hearing the uncertain things,
The vows of peasants and the vows of kings,
As many false and fickle ones as true
For happy matches are at most but few.
No planet sees so much that comes between us
If we except the beauteous planet Venus;
She only shines in evening half the year,
Sees many a lover's smile and many a tear;
The other half reserves her light till morning
For ardent lover's late but friendly warning.
But if we must be led and ruled by stars,
We'd rather crown a Venus than a Mars.
Speaking of Venus we the moon forgot—
We care not whether she be cold or hot—

One thing we know, young hearts beneath her rays
Are apt to flutter in all sorts of ways.
The lovers' willing or the lovers' nilling,
The're all a-tremble like Parepa's trilling.
Union long tried will harder be to sever,
Our wish would be that this might last forever;
We much desire (for they are not too old)
Our friends may have a wedding-day of gold.
But silver tarnishes and gold will rust,
We have no treasure here but turns to dust.
Our silvery voices very soon will break,
Our silver treasure other hands will take;
The silvery crown that rests upon our brow
Will soon drop off, we know not when or how;
For joys and sorrows are alike our doom,
Tho' sometimes at the bridal, oft'ner at the tomb.
And when is loosed from earth the silver cord,
When he has gone to meet his loving Lord,
And she who won his willing heart and hand
Shall share the treasures of the fairer land,
May faith still claim the pledge to Abram given,
That children's children shall be heirs of Heaven.

Silver in Heaven will be a worthless thing,
As 'twas in days of Judah's proudest king ;
'Twill all be gold within the pearly gate,
Where Priests and Kings around Jehovah wait.

The brute creation live their day and die,
From virgin soils the tallest cedars grow,
Lift their proud heads to emulate the sky ;
The winds of centuries through their branches
blow.

The trunk, the branches, as the slender spears,
Yield to the cumbrous weight of lengthened years.

Moons wax and wane, and stars their courses run ;
Year after year in quick succession flies ;
Born to earth's joys and sorrows one by one,
So, one by one, the race of mortals dies.
Each in his turn, what e'er his earthly lot,
Lives his short day, expires, and is forgot.

But Christ ascended mansions to prepare,
Where fields of green in ceaseless verdure lie ;

A sea of glass, without a ripple there,

Reflects the beauties of a cloudless sky.

They were not made to crumble to the ground,

But last while ages roll their endless round.

There golden voices hallelujah sing,

And ransomed feet the golden pavements tread;

There golden harps make Heaven's high arches
ring,

A golden crown rests there on every head.

The name of Jesus is the exalted theme,

The noblest crowned, crowns Him the Lord Su-
preme.

There the Redeemed in whitest raiment stand—

An undivided *one*, to be his bride ;

No power can ever break that nuptial band,

Nor drive her from her bridegroom's sheltering
side.

And all the treasures of that world supernal,

Its life, its gold, its union is eternal.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM,

WRITTEN FOR THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF DR. A. G.
HALL'S PASTORAGE OVER THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

AT THE HOUSE OF J. C. VAN EPS, ESQ.

There is no object the wide world around,
More beautiful and noble than is found
In youthful manhood struggling hard to rise
To eminence with all the good and wise.

The youth that takes "excelsior" for his flights
Leaves Alpine summits for sublimer heights ;
Leaves those who on the plain or mountain side,
With weary limbs, and feet that often slide,
Who only hear the silv'ry voice on high
Send back its echoes from the sky-blue sky,
Than we low drudges might be envied more,
Who have but feet to climb—no wings to soar.

But fancy's fabrics are not worth a string,
All need foundations strong from which to spring;
And he who digs down deep, and builds on rock,
An edifice that stands the earthquakes' shock,
The winds that blow and storms that beat around
When flimsy fabrics tumble to the ground,
Finds solid wealth, which all the world esteems,
Known to the fanciful but in their dreams.

I well remember, long, long years ago,
When almost everything that mov'd seem'd slow,
To youth 'twas long from darkened moon to
 bright,
From winter's colder rays to summer's light,
From spring-flowers' blooming, to the autumn
 fruit,
From dreaming boyhood to the wedding suit.
The ship with flapping wings would slowly sail,
The rocking coach moved like the sluggish snail;
The packet boat's unceasing rippling surge,
Was like low murmurs of the funeral dirge;
The wooden mold-board slowly turned the sod,
The sickle took its hour to reap its rod.

Then scarcely had been known a millionaire
For men to envy, or to tempt the fair.
The wheels of fortune moved so slowly round
One needed all the year to salt his pound.
So was the hill of science hard to climb,
So steep the way, the summit so sublime;
A thousand obstacles one's way would hedge,
Like gnarls and knots the entrance of the wedge.
The summer months must needs be spent in toil,
To earn his food and winter's midnight oil;
Or he must teach in winter for the sum
To meet the wants of summer months to come.
Sometimes a trade would come in active play,
And work at night would furnish bread-by day.
The painter's brush might letter or might stripe
And nimble fingers set the printer's type;
Another still might some slight aid obtain
With trowel, hammer, or the joiner's plane.
From such experience over rugged ways
Full many a youth has toiled for better days;
And some have (hoping) toiled till set of sun,
And life's day ended dark as it begun.

We have an instance of a noble life,
Of patient labor and of bloodless strife;
From first with lofty aims and ends in view,
Unfalt'ring steps their weary way pursue.
Like all great men that are and are to be,
His efforts first began on A, B, C;
Then up he climbed through every childhood
grade,
Till printer's d—l he at length was made,—
(A name more euphonistic and more winning
Might sure be found for such a grand beginning.)
But what's a name? 'Tis neither here nor there;
A babe would be as sweet if called a bear.
Few kindly words of friends e'er greet his ears;
Smiles might be on his face, but oftener tears.
And yet he rises till a man he stands,
With lifted, fearless brow and skillful hands,
With one friend nearer than all friends beside,
Loving in age, as when a youthful bride.

As he who leads his hundreds, then brigades,
Becomes at length the leader of crusades,

So from below he rises in command,
Of a strong phalanx in his Captain's band.

* * * * *

And in his work he sought the nobler ends
Of conqu'ring foes by making them his friends,
What his success may easily be told,
We all are one to-day, the *New* and *Old*.

He was not always with the world at strife,
There's many a green spot in the pastor's life ;
When to his home his weary limbs repair,
He seeks the sofa or the easy chair ;
The wife with cheerful step prepares the tea,
The children scramble for the empty knee ;
One hunts the pockets for what may be there,
Another combs, but tangles, up his hair ;
She turns it this side, then she turns it that,
And wets her tiny hands to make it flat.
Another puts her lips up for a kiss—
Let bachelors who will despise this home-made
bliss.

How sweet the hour that calls to peaceful rest,
Of all the hours that fill the day most blest,
When the kind Shepherd's watchful care we crave,
From all the dangers of the night to save ;
Then infant voices with the older raise,
Their evening hymn of grateful prayer and praise.

* * * * *

Since thirty years the east and western shore,
With iron bands on beds of golden ore,
Are joined together, and *all* will be *one* ;
Between the rising and the setting sun,
All kindred, people, tongues shall loud proclaim
Allegiance to Emmanuel's royal name.

Since thirty years the lightnings have been chained
By gentle hands with ease, are now restrained ;
Or at their will in words of fire are hurled
O'er land and thro' the sea around the world,
That fiercest lion, or whatever named,
Is led by children and by children tamed.

Since thirty years that question called the "vex'd"—
Which statesmen and philanthropists perplex'd—
Which seemed for ages yet to come might last,
And worry still, as it had done the past,
Was solved, by uttering a magic word,
Which thro' the Earth and Heaven and Hell was
heard

Above the battle's thunder and the strife,
That well nigh cost our suff'ring country's life,
When Lincoln said four million slaves are free,
Unnumbered millions sung the jubilee.

Since thirty years the changes here how great,
The new born child has come to man's estate,
And to the altar led the richest prize
That ever blest man's home. his heart, or eyes;
Those who were youth are numbered with the
old,

The old are gathered to the slumb'ers' fold;
Besides how many in their sadness weep
O'er shorter graves where precious idols sleep.

The years that seemed so slow seem swifter now,
The past are in a fathomless abyss,
But spring up in the memory, and how
They thrill the soul with sadness or with bliss.

How many scenes we would be glad might lie
Forgotten—lost in never ending night,
And deeds we would might in their doing die,
Like births untimely ne'er to see the light.

But mem'ry dies not; with the soul it lives,
The good, the bad, come rushing through the
brain,

If one at times its hour of pleasure gives,
The other brings a longer hour of pain.

Still, if we could, we never would forget,
Tho' paradoxical it seems to be,
We cherish mem'ries that annoy and fret,
When naught can change the painful history.

My friend and I stood by a double grave,
His wife and manly son within it slept,
They died together, and he seemed to have
A bitter pleasure in the tears he wept.

I said : a thousand treasures yet are left
For heart to love and to employ your time,
Why grieve for those of whom you are bereft,
Since they are transferred to a fairer clime?

He answered : tho' I had a thousand more
They never could the loss of these repair,
And when I land upon the other shore
I would not meet them as if strangers there.

The pastor of your love and of your choice,
While thirty years have run their tireless round,
Has never with a fearful stamm'ring voice,
Uttered a doubtful or uncertain sound.

Your joys and sorrows he has ever shared,
His smiles and tears have mingled with your
own ;

For each one's peace and happiness he cared,
And bore your trials to his Father's home.

His toil and yours will have a full reward,
When on the other side your feet shall stand,
When pastor, people, meet their loving Lord,
In glorious mansions fitted by his hand.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

'Twas June, all gaily dressed in Summer flowers,
The days were made of longest, sunniest hours ;
The sun climbed slowly up from morning dawn,
The evening shadows lingered on the lawn.
At eventide a youthful pastor came,
To meet his flock, that scarcely knew his name ;
The village houses stood in two white rows,
Back from the street, where in luxuriance grows
The elm, with maples, intermixed with pines,
And drooping willows, all in beauteous lines.
Within the gates were flowers of diff'rent hue—
The rose, the phlox in colors white and blue ;
The columbines spread out their gaudy heads,
And pansies peeped from out their velvet beds ;
Windows that were unveil'd with painted blinds,
Were shielded, or with running, tangled vines,
Or morning glories creeping up the lines.

The lazy kine came slowly up the hill
To meet the milkmaid, and her pail to fill;
When gentle hands received her creamy load,
She dropped her heavy sides upon the road—
She chewed her cud, half sleeping, half awake,
With all the comfort that a brute could take.

The swain returning from his daily toil,
Covered from head to foot with labor's soil,
Sought the clear waters of the bubbling spring,
That sweet refreshment to the weary bring.

The boys at early evening could be seen
Meeting together on the village green;
In noisy mirthfulness the hour they spend,
Some with torn garments for mammas to mend.

The girls, in groups, would take their evening
walks,
Some in full glee, some had their private talks.
I know not what they said, I must confess,
But claim the Yankee privilege to guess.
Now they are walking, and now still they stand,

And twirl their bonnets round their white, soft
hand;

The lamps from windows fling their tiny light
Out on the gath'ring darkness of the night--

The warning that the hour of sleep has come,
And all must seek their quiet, peaceful home;

Gather'd together round the Bible stand,

They hear the father read the stern command,

Or the sweet promise of eternal love,

To those who seek the wisdom from above.

Then they on bended knees, in solemn prayer,

Seek Heaven's forgiveness and protecting care.

Some little one, quite overcome with sleep,

Still on his knees, might dream "my soul to keep."

Upon the village green their temple stood,

Where week by week they met to worship God.

It stood alone, no habitation nigh,

The silent spire directed to the sky.

In that sweet village, strange as it appears,

No church beside, for fifty rolling years,

Has ever found a place on which to stand;

That seems established on the solid land.

A few had called, their welcome to express,
Their wishes, also, for the best success.
The day serenely broke; a cloudless sky
Seemed a fit emblem of the rest on high ;
The morning hour in humble prayer was spent,
That blessings of the Spirit might be sent
On him and people from the world above,
Where all is sacred joy, and peace, and love.
At proper time the bell sent forth its sound,
To gather people from the country round ;
The pastor stood before his list'ning flock,
With trembling fears his Master's message spoke.
Still, with the help of God the service done,
The hearts of many he had doubtless won.
Strong truth from *older* lips, with tearful eye,
By many would be counted stale and dry ;
But younger men with watered milk will feed
Their flock, who think they have the meat they
 need.

Like the young pastor, untold be his name,
In expectation of a future fame,
Labored to prove, for more than half an hour,

By lore and logic, that twice two were four—
Striving to drive into our sluggish brain
That axioms must indeed be made more plain.

Few pastors more could have the confidence
Of old and young, the weak, and men of sense ;
He had a tear for tears that others shed,—
His heart was pained when theirs with sorrow
bled ;

He had a joy for every joy they had,—
He sympathized with good and with the bad ;
When all to them was darkness overhead,
His little light he on that darkness shed ;
And though life's ills assumed their coldest forms,
And overhanging clouds were filled with storms,
One antidote would evermore remain,
A God of Mercy held the guiding rein.
The sweet was at the bottom of the cup,
When they had drank all that was bitter up.

The pastor's toils were soon with blessings
crown'd,—

One told of joys he in the Saviour found ;

Another owned how bitter was his sin,
But soon found Christian peace and joy within;
Then they would call their friends, "O, Come and
see

What love and mercy God has shown to me."
They loved the place and hour of evening prayer,
They wished to be, and meet the people there,
To hear from others' lips what God had wrought,
And tell themselves, of finding what they sought.
Those precious hours from week to week enjoyed,
Their hearts and tongues in constant praise em-
ployed;

Where few before confessed the Saviour's name,
(Year after year in numbers just the same,)
A two-fold number made their solemn vows
To dwell as brethren in the sacred house.

The years away in circles swiftly rolled,
Hundreds were brought within the sacred fold;
A home in many hearts the Spirit found,
And where their temple stood seemed holy ground.
To some the pastor owed a debt of love,

Who now are numbered with the blest above ;
The sainted CRAWFORD, with his glowing zeal,
His heart all tenderness, his logic steel,
Loved by the good, by all in honor held,
From memory can never be expelled.
There's one more name that pastor would record,
Who loved his brethren, and who served his Lord ;
Not one alone (indeed, there's not a few,
Who to their Master's cause were ever true,—)
I might withhold *his* name ; but why should I ?
Since he has come to Jordan's bank so nigh,
That angels guard him from the tempter's snares,
And make him sweetest visits unawares.
Their music oft across the border flows,
And fragrance sweeter than of Sharon's rose ;
And WISNER's crown will shine with stars of glory,
Won by his winning way of telling Calvary's story.

But O, what mingling up of peace and strife
Is daily seen in every pastor's life !
Now in the place where joy and gladness reign,
Now where the poor are suffering want and pain ;

One day where darkness seems almost unknown,
The next where even starlight seldom shone.
What changes also constantly transpire,—
In peace to-day, next in affliction's fire ;
Now parents are of children quite bereft,
Or helpless children are of parents left ;
Then God in mercy takes the orphans up,
He fills their empty basket and their cup ;
Left in the world, for parents gone, to mourn,
In Jesus's bosom they like lambs are borne.
Blest be the homes where love divides its share,
With homeless ones, that need parental care ;
The Saviour's promise will their comfort be,
Whate'er ye do for these, ye do for me.

Such trials oft were met in various forms,—
The sunny tracks were soon effaced by storms ;
The older men, the churches' staff and stay,
Were one by one called from the earth away.
'Tis only few who linger on this shore,
While countless numbers have been carried o'er
To the sweet fields where all is joy and peace,
And all the wicked from their troubling cease.

But still how strange the Providence to trace,—
Where one is gone another fills the space;
As when the vessel's prow the waters turn,
They fill the void by rushing round the stern.
Those who were sons when fathers with them
stood,
Are fathers now since sires have crossed the flood;
'Tis not alone that sires and matrons sleep,—
The old are often called the young to weep;
Some Nain widows mourn the loss of sons,
And Rachel's tears are shed for little ones.

Brothers and sisters round the new graves stand,
Dressed with sweet flowers by warm affection's
hand,
So young and old mingle their "dust to dust,"
Long graves and short ones teach us die we must;
Those who to-day together joyful meet,
To-morrow may be mourners round the street.

When we at times seem cheerful with the gay,
We just from sadness for a moment stray,
And then with haste to sorrow's door return,

Mingling our tears with tears of them that
mourn ;

As mothers leaving babes might find relief,
But hours of absence soon are hours of grief,
Harder to bear than all the steeley chains
That bind a mother's heart, or hands, or brains.

But man, though doomed to mourn, may still en-
joy,

And thanks for blessings may his tongue employ ;
The Spring birds music and the flowers in bloom
Are sweeter for succeeding Winter's gloom ;
The fruits we gather we enjoy the more,
When care and labor bring them to our store ;
The sun is brighter when the rain has pass'd,
The calm more welcome, following the blast ;
The moon and stars, long wrapp'd in sable shrouds,
Appear more brilliant through the rifted clouds ;
Heaven's robes are whiter for the rags once worn,
Its rest is sweeter for the cross once borne.

It is not always sadness here below,
For many human joys mix in with woe,

And faith and hope dispel our anxious fears,
And show us heavenly mansions through our tears.
We could not weep for joys that ne'er were
known,
Nor joy in sheaves, if we had never sown ;
'Twas only manna fell from heaven on earth,
Emblem of grace that gives a heavenly birth—
'Twill be enough when gates of pearl we find,
That earth, tears, pain and death are left behind.
With suffering ones, the pastor suffers pain ;
With joyful ones, his pain is joy again ;
But joys and trials of his own transpire,
He burns not only in another's fire—
His sorrows often smoulder in his breast,
And wrongs to him are often unredressed ;
More ready others' sorrows to reveal,
More anxious that he may his own conceal.
His Master came with balm for others' pain,
Not for returns which others made again ;
The servant does not seek the world's reward—
It is enough that he be as his Lord.

(The need of saying this admits of doubt,
The people know it well enough without.)

The pastor's life presents a diff'rent phase,
That may be told in quite another phrase.
'Tis not of this or that I choose to write;
A thousand may be found who would be quite
As well described by what I have to say,
As any *one* in this, my simple lay.

He settled in a pleasant country town,—
He hardly knew the meaning of "renown;"
He had but little thought of worldly gain,
But only how the truth he might maintain.
One thing must settled be: the pastor's pay,
What he would need to spend from day to day
Some would give less, some would give more,
As was their habit, not as was their store.

One man, though poor and maimed, would freely
give—

Some said, *he* had enough to do to live;
He rightly thought most wants imaginary,
That real wants were few and simple, very;

He peddled tin, bought rags, old brass and iron,
Was musical, but not poetic, quite, as Byron ;—
The people knew him on the routes he made,
Saved odds and ends to give the man a trade.
His horses stopped (he need not tell them Whoa)
At every door—they'd rather stop than go.
At farmers' houses, where at night he stay'd,
Upon his small melodeon he played,—
Sung hymns and psalms of David, Watts' version,
To worship God, as well as for diversion ;
Then he would bend his only knee in prayer,
And seek the presence of the Spirit there.
God heard his voice, though language might be
 broken,
He hears the heart though not a word is spoken ;
This man would give ; and as he said, he did—
No simulation in his heart was hid.

Others there were with wisdom and with tact,
Who well could add, and just as well subtract ;
And after calculating they agreed
How much the parson and his house would need—

Not on how much they thought they well could
give,

But on how little he and his could live;
And if there should be found too much deficit,
They'd make it up by a donation visit.

The pastor early chose his mate,
A duty oft deferred till late;
To some the evil doth befall
To live and never chose at all.
Some choose, (we do not call a name,)
The ones that do not fancy them.
He thought an early choice was best,
(The old and young were quite at rest.)

As years were rolling round and round,
Increasing numbers there were found—
Enough with comers and with goers,
Quite to consume his scanty stores.
He had no overflowing hoard,
But strangers often shared his board;
Practice he must as well as preach,
Or lost would be what he might teach.

So it was known both far and near,
That friends were welcome to his cheer ;
That many prized his heart and head,
They proved—by eating of his bread.

'Twas not alone for bread he cared,
If his from labor had been spared ;
For the worn wife with toil was laden,
As she was mistress both and maiden—
For there were some would have her do
The parlor work and kitchen too.
Though such were few—most hearts and eyes
Were full of tender sympathies ;
And many would divide their store,
Give none the less, but more and more ;
And with their hands, when cares oppressed,
Would take the burden from her breast,
When suff'ring from affliction's hand,
Like angels round her bed would stand,
With cooling draught, or med'cine now,
Or compress on her burning brow.
How well remembered all through life
Will mothers be to pastor's wife.

Troubles unbid would sometimes rise,
Times would so often change, like skies—
Now clear, now cloud, now threat'ning storms,
Wants would assume some hideous forms;
For money would be all the same,
Though bread to double prices came,
Then those who sold would seem more bless'd,
But pastors would be more oppress'd.
Such were the times that always would
Expose the virtues of the good,
And Christian kindnesses reveal,
That modest worth would fain conceal.
A load of wood might come to day,
The next, another load of hay;
Many a Winter's day was spent
With teams and axemen, that were sent,
To gather from the woodland near
The fuel for the coming year;
And then at night, with laughing jest,
They'd count up who had done the best.
The weeks on rapid wings went by,
Moons waxed and waned in azure sky,—

The seasons in their turn fulfill
The great Creator's sovereign will.
The sun's return to Northern skies,
Softens the snows and solid ice;
The streamlets hurry down the side
Of hills, toward the ocean's tide;
The birds to sylvan shades repair,
And fill with music vernal air;
The herds set free, from distant hills,
Answer the clack of busy mills;
The cackling harem hide away
The needed stores for Easter day,
All nature is astir again,
Released from Winter's frosty chain.

The Summer showers fall on the plain,
The fields rejoice with waving grain;
The flocks and herds in pastures green,
Crop the sweet grass the rocks between,
Or rest upon the rushy brink
Of brooks, where flows their crystal drink;
And reapers in the evening come
Singing the merry "Harvest Home."

The Autumn moons come in their turn,
The fires upon the hearthstone burn ;
The husbandman with gladness looks
Upon his corn bound up in stooks—
He turns the furrow with his plow,
Or picks the fruit from bending bough,
Rejoices in the stores he wins,
Packed in the cellar or in bins.
The Winter's shortened days are spent
In labors light or merriment ;
At eve around the crackling fire
Are gathered both the son and sire—
The mother, children, old and young—
The news is read, or songs are sung.

They oft with neighbors while away
The closing hours of Winter's day.
Such are the times they take to talk
About the pastor's words and walk—
Whether his doctrine's orthodox,
Or they are fed as other flocks ;
Whether his ways are quite discreet,

Or how he makes the year's ends meet.
They think, perhaps, a little gift
Would be a very timely lift.
A word thus whispered in the ear
Would quickly fly both far and near,
And when in church, at intermission,
They'd speak, (with Sabbath day precision,)
To this and that one; all agreed
The pastor doubtless was in need;
They'd have a general donation,
Bring cake, et ceteras; no potation,
Aside from coffee, tea and cream—
Water, to some, would better seem,
For temp'rance rules were then as now,
And what we draw from pump or cow
Is better far than all the swills,
That comes from breweries and stills.

So after proper advertising
They were prepared for *patronizing*;
What date—to tell I almost fear,
But think it was about New Year;

For then the people have more leisure,
And also have abundant treasure—
If ever; and give themselves to pleasure.

The night before the time was set,
The parson, in his slippers, met
The tailor tapping at his door,
With what he seldom saw before—
A suit well fitted and well made;
“All right,” was all the tailor said—
For some would have him neatly dressed,
When they should come to be his guest.
And so they sent, the night before,
The tailor tapping at his door.

When morning came he early rose,
Awakened from his sweet repose;
Half dressed he opened the front door,
(As he had done for noise before,)
To ascertain what made the din—
A barrel waited to come in.
Who brought the flour no one could say,
But there at early dawn it lay.

The evening and the people came—
The date or hour I do not name.
Some early came, and some came late,
To suit convenience or *estate*.
They bro't their gifts, all good, some rare—
It seems they had enough to spare ;
Full bags of apples and potatoes,
Mittens and stockings, boots and shoes,
Corn, beans and flour, and wheat and oats,
Some bits of cloth for little coats ;
Papers of coffee, sugar, tea,
(The best of Hyson and Bohea.)
There was a wallet, stuff'd with money,
A box of sweetest clover honey ;
Chairs and a table, stands and bureaus,
A carpet, bed and pair of pillows ;
Some hams and eggs, and cheese and butter.
With other things they brought a cutter—
Not for the parson's horse to draw,
But what was used to cut his straw.
But sure there were some little sleighs,
For boys to coast with winter days.

Some were appointed for direction,
Others had charge of the refection.
The latter were preparing supper—
The lower sash slipped by the upper,
And in was thrown upon the floor
A pig, that weighed at least ten score—
A start, a scream, and then a laughter,
That shook the house from sill to rafter.
Who did it no one seemed to care,
The main thing was, the pig was there.

The parson's wife would also share
In the good peoples' kindly care;
The milliner bro't a good large bonnet—
No stingy pattern was there on it,
There was a yard or two, or more,
Old ladies know what then they wore.
'Twould cover head and face and all,
For modesty was counted small,
If pretty faces could be seen,
Nor veil nor bonnet for a screen.
That one might have been whittled down,

Both edges, trimming, and the crown,
For forty years, I do avow,
And then be large as bonnets now.*
They brought her collars, gloves and hose—
The very things she would have chose.

They brought her quilts and pretty dresses,
And ornaments for her black tresses—
True they were simple, such as were
Quite suitable for her to wear;
And I am *sure* they were more fair
For being in her glossy hair.
From public gaze to shield her face
There was a silken veil of lace.
And then there were some handsome furs—
A cap for him, a muff was hers.
Tho' thirty years have passed since when,
The cap is almost good as then.
The cap was otter, muff was gray,
Of squirrels from Siberi-a.

*The above was written in 1869 when bonnets were reduced to the smallest size.

One thing I do remember right—
There were some poor who came that night
With little gifts, which seemed but few,
But showed their hearts were warm and true.
And 'twill be seen in day of test,
One mite will be as others blest.
The children came, with sparkling glee,
Mingling with such a company,
Filling the house—so thick they come,
They wished it was elastic gum.
All had their little gifts to bring,
A collar, book-mark, some such thing,
That showed their good will to the pastor,
His children, wife and heavenly Master.
This truth to some appears but dim,
But good to them was good to Him.
And James has taught by inspiration
That works with faith are sure salvation,
But one alone is condemnation.

The older seemed to find their pleasure,
Talking of this and that at leisure ;

Narrating the important news,
From Christian nations, pagans, Jews,
And giving reasons why they thought
That all, the Gospel would be taught.
The younger men, in active life,
All battling in the world of strife,
Would talk of politics and farming,
Of what is good, and what alarming—
Of prospects for the coming year,
For what to hope, and what to fear.
What stocks would be the best investment,
How large would be the next assessment?
Mechanics, merchants, mingle in,
To tell what might—might not have been—
And if, from national confusion,
There might not grow a revolution.

The ladies, too, would have their theme,
The fashions or the best machine;
They *never* tire of the sweet part,
That lies the nearest to their heart.
And what would little children do,

If mothers were not pure and true ;
Or ever had a thought, or care,
That did not find its centre there.

The children know quite well the art,
Of making sure their fun apart
From all the rest, and so *they* went
Up the stairway, on pleasure bent—
And soon the cry was “What a clatter !”
'Twas just the children rolling platter ;
They all were talking, laughing, playing,
Their forfeits taking, forfeits paying—
The *suff'ers* were the little misses,
From thievish boys, who stole their kisses.

There might be seen a pair or more,
Behind the curtain, or the door,
And if they spoke, 'twas not so loud
That you could hear in such a crowd,
But they could see quite clear the eyes,
That each to other told no lies—
And the warm pressure of the hand
Spoke what they both could understand.

Some called it perpetrating arson—
(They shortly after called the parson)
Who joined in Hymen's holy bands,
(Their hearts already one,) their hands.

A whisper in some ear had named it,
And rumor's hundred tongues proclaimed it—
A pair of lovers thought it would
A good time be, if well they could,
To have performed the marriage rite,
As one more pleasure of the night ;
For there were cake and all things plenty
To feed the guests of weddings twenty.
And so the parties took their stand,
Attendants upon either hand,
All 'round they gathered, quite as thick
As well could be the best laid brick—
The parson took their solemn vows,
And then pronounced them man and spouse.
Not many brides e'er got more kisses,
From men and matrons, lads and misses ;
And *some*, especially the men,
Advantage took time and again.

The hour of entertainment came at last,
(’Twas late and time they had their night’s repast,)
The table spread was fit for lords and princes—
Dishes of fruits, pears, peaches, quinces,
Turkeys and chickens, hams, tongues, cakes and pies,
To please the longing taste, or feast the eyes,
Were all arranged in order, to invite
The keen or the fastidious appetite.
A pyramid of floral beauty, stood
Exactly in the centre—where it should.
The signal for the supper being made,
The noisy mirth to silence quick was laid.

The pastor, in a gentle, trembling tone,
Becoming sinners at the Eternal Throne,
With lifted hands his gratitude express’d,
And prayed for blessings upon every guest.
He thanked his Maker for his friends so dear,
Who waited not his dire complaints to hear—
But came unbid, with pleasure in their eyes,
To meet their pastor’s wants with rich supplies.
He would have other things enumerated,

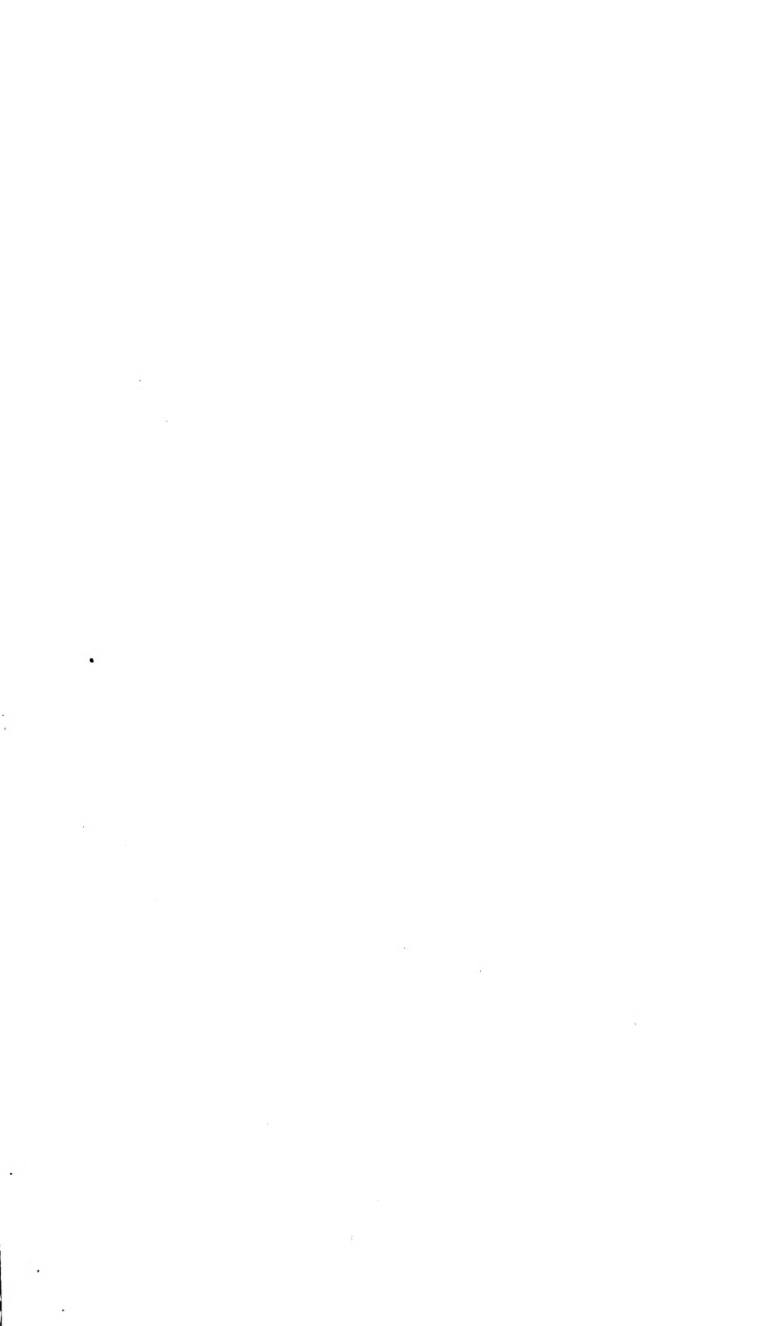
But supper now was very much belated,
And hungry ones can't keep a placid face,
During a tiresome, elongated grace.

Hunger appeased, with the rich stores provided,
The fragments afterwards were well divided—
Sent to the children, such as could not come,
And to the poor, to cheer a scanty home.
And after all, there was enough to keep
The parsonage in broken food a week.
The affluent might think it crusty fare—
To *them*, that week was best of all the year.
The entertainment in due time was ended,
And thoughts of all the people homeward tended—
And soon the last had said their kind good-night,
And all had quickly vanished out of sight.
Sleep was a welcome guest. They never woke
'Till the last thread in night's dark web had broke—
'Twas sweet for them to rest from tiring care,
Of which for days they had so large a share.

Scenes such as these occurred throughout his days
A score of time. Each had a different phase ;

And tho' they hint at toil, and want, and strife,
Blessings were scattered through his lengthened life.
Tho' often times he was beneath the cloud,
And waves seemed overwhelming, fierce and loud,
His bark in safety would the storms abide,
And leave him on the placid sea to ride.
Some precious ones long since have been at rest,
The flowers are blooming o'er their peaceful breast,
Their spirit, with the angels, praising God,
Nearer the Throne for His chastising rod.
His children, by a strict example, learned
The worth of all their busy hands have earned,
And each with other vies to do the best,
To make their father's home most sweet and blest.
And now his rooms in constant order wait,
And open arms receive him at their gate.
His work is nearly (he thinks poorly) done,
He watches, day by day, the falling sun
Of life. The autumn leaves are in the sear,
Precursors of his end—his closing year.
His locks are frosting, for their long repose

Beneath a lifeless winter's drifting snows—
And not on hopes the world's vain promise gives,
But in remembrance of the past he lives.
He thinks of friends and seasons that are gone,
Of battles fought, and battles sometimes won—
Of hundreds, who thro' him their vows have made
To Jesus, as their Lord and living Head.
Full often he occasion finds to weep,
That thousands, who were given him to keep,
Have not been safe the Shepherd's fold within,
Because not faithful as he should have been;
That precious talents never will be found,
That have been lost or buried in the ground—
Still, thro' redeeming and unwasting grace,
He hopes in Heaven to find some humble place,
With multitudes that never can be numbered,
And who with sin will never more be cumbered.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 305 0

